

Circulation Books and Press Room  
OPEN TO ALL.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE  
EVENING EDITION  
OF  
THE WORLD  
for the week ending Saturday, Feb. 18,  
was as follows:

|                    |        |
|--------------------|--------|
| MONDAY.....        | 92,040 |
| TUESDAY.....       | 99,000 |
| WEDNESDAY.....     | 88,400 |
| THURSDAY.....      | 88,640 |
| FRIDAY.....        | 89,760 |
| SATURDAY.....      | 92,800 |
| Average for week.. | 91,773 |

ASK THE WORKERS:  
The Saturday Half Holiday is not going just yet. And if it does not go now, it will become a permanent institution.  
The law has not had a fair trial. Sordid money-makers have sought to nullify it. Other employers of labor, naturally liberal-hearted, have found it difficult to readjust their business to the law's requirements. All reforms take time. Give this one time and nobody will think of objecting to it.  
The legislators home on vacation cannot make a better use of their time than to spend some of it asking the working people what they think of the Saturday Half Holiday.

SHERIDAN WONT.  
There will be no "man on horseback" in the Presidential race. SHERIDAN declines to mount. And when Fighting Phil says "No," he means it.  
THE EVENING WORLD some months since first mentioned Gen. SHERIDAN as holding the promise and potency of a successful boom for the Republican nomination. But it pointed to the fact that a big "If" stood in the way—"If he will accept."  
The General has ended the matter by saying, "I would not accept. No! Not under any circumstances." It is a wise decision, that admits of no question. Sensible SHERIDAN!

A PEACE OFFERING.  
AUSTIN CORBIN has the munificence of a czar as well as a czar's autocratic will. His gift of \$30,000 to the miners is a timely and liberal one, and will relieve much suffering. Justice is better than charity, but charity is not to be despised when families are hungry and cold.  
A generous gift often does the donor as much good as the recipient. It would not be strange if the peace-offering and the renewal of more friendly relations should lead to an adjustment of wages more satisfactory to the miners. So may it be!

JUSTICE ONLY.  
The indictment of STAIN and CHOWELL for the murder of Cashier BARNON, of the Dexter Bank, in Maine, is a vindication of THE WORLD's efforts in hunting up evidence and causing their arrest. It establishes at least the probability of their guilt.  
The only interest of THE WORLD in the matter is to have the truth revealed and justice done. The motive of envious newspapers that have tried in vain to work up an alibi for the prisoners is solely to discredit a WORLD achievement. They have failed, as usual.

And still THE WORLD "moves on."  
SWEETS TO THE SWEET.  
The Flower of the White House, surpassing in beauty any blossom of the conservatory, departs to-morrow for a visit to the land of flowers—fair Florida.  
The President's wife has well earned her vacation trip by her assiduous attention to the exacting social demands of her position during the "Washington season." She has been equally kind and polite to all, and has not made an enemy nor evoked a word of censure from the partisan opponents of her husband.  
A happy journey and safe return to the Mistress of the White House. And GROVER, too!

Gen. SHERIDAN's interview should be placed next after Geo. W. CHILDS' editorial in the compilation of a "Ready Reader Writer for Those Desiring to Decline a Presidential Nomination." Mr. BLAINE's epistle may stand as an example of a withdrawal that does not withdraw.

The number of Republicans who claim to be "BLAINE's legatees" is still in excess of the number of those who have declined to be candidates. There is promise of a great fight contest, and in the end it may be found that the man from Maine had very little to bequeath.

The cyclone that swept through the city of Mount Vernon, Ill., yesterday, was the most destructive ever known in this country. The wrecking of 500 buildings and a large number of persons killed and wounded, attest the dreadful power of the whirlwind.

Come to think about it, the Pacific coast is not further from the centre of the continent than the Atlantic coast is; and yet a National Convention at San Francisco would not be exactly "in touch" with the mass of the voters.

What a beautiful and appropriate campaign flag could be made out of FORAKER's "little breeches" dipped in calf's gore!

Leap-Year Incident.  
(From Times Dispatch).  
Young Lady of the Period—Admission, \$10, please. I am going to take a gentleman to a party to-night and want a carriage.

TO THE EVENING WORLD.

AN APOSTROPHE.  
Hall! champion of the many's rights  
Gains gross infractions of the few;  
In your support of Labor's knights  
May you be ever firm and true.  
Quill lance well poised, and ink-lustrous,  
In tourney meet the people's foes;  
Ride down each doughty, sneering trust  
That threatens adroit public woes.  
Though youthful for the lists you seemed,  
Your work your worth has fully proved;  
Of knight more true never lady dreamed—  
Our champion you, and well-beloved.  
K. OF L.

AT THE LEONARD STREET STATION.

Roundman John O'Brien is the champion player of the Leonard street station. At any rate, the boys are all afraid of his game.  
Dominoes is the favorite game just now at the Leonard street station. At almost any time during the day when off duty Patrolman Patrick Kelly, Detective James Dunn, Patrolman Wm. Doyle and Roundman Lonnigan can be seen in the back room playing away for dear life.

Elliott M. Stoddard is the champion good-natured man and Dave O'Callahan the boss walker. They tell a good story about the time Dave went to bed and thought he had "the snakes." A practical joker had put a live eel in the bedclothes, and when Dave came downstairs to tell about the snake some one removed it. No snake was to be seen, consequently, when he got back, and the boys were then nearly able to persuade him to send for an ambulance.

WORLDLINGS.

This is the kind of temperance sermon they are preaching in Michigan now: "With land at \$45.50 an acre and wheat at 10 cents a glass a man drinks up 100 square feet of land with every drink."

M. M. Hinnant, of Green River, Ky., has a fiddle that was made at Bonn-on-the-Rhine in 1825, a hundred years before Stradivarius was born. It has been in constant use since its present owner has had it, and is a soft, sweet-toned instrument.

A redwood tree recently fell near Humboldt, Cal., measured 16 feet in diameter one way and 30 feet in the other at the stump. It was 300 feet long, tapering to a diameter of 8 feet, and contained enough timber to construct a small village.

Patrick Daley, of Meriden, Conn., 101 years old, has just made a contract with his daughter, Mrs. George Huser, to plough her garden in the spring. He is strong and hearty and can eat a big dinner of pork, corned beef and cabbage, washing it down with copious draughts of hard cider.

W. D. Howells is a very painstaking writer, often revising and rewriting an entire chapter of the book he is in hand several times. One of his novels is said to have been wholly rewritten. He works steadily from 9 in the morning until 1 in the afternoon and is at leisure for the rest of the day.

A peculiar deposit which resembles clay in pliability but which when exposed to the air becomes as hard as granite, has been discovered at the base of Bear Mountain, near Taylorville, N. C. Blocks of it have been dug out and used for all the purposes of stone with success and it is proposed to build houses of it.

Among the jewels owned by Mrs. Ayer, the rich widow of Dr. Ayer, is a large necklace of rubies set in diamonds. Several of the rubies are as big as a man's thumb-nail, and the central one, which was formerly a Rajah's talisman, is about the size of an English walnut. It is uncured and is literally a nugget of ore.

"Old Granny," a hen now on exhibition at the show of the Eastern Michigan Poultry Association in Detroit, is twelve years old. She has lived seven or eight years beyond the allotted age of chickens and is literally gray-headed. This venerable fowl laid fifty-four eggs last year, from seventeen of which chickens were hatched, a proceeding that was contrary to all the authorities.

Paschal Porter, the wonderful child revivalist of Indiana, who is now only eleven years old, recently preached a sermon in the Baptist church at Williamsport, Ky., that astonished everybody who heard it. The pastor of the church says that he has read sermons on the same subject delivered by the ablest preachers, but not one of them could compare in power or in elegance of diction with the boy's exhortation.

Private Rehearsal with his Chair Aml (Cheer Aml).  
[From Harper's Bazar.]

Answers to Correspondents.  
M. M. A.—The 26th day of August, 1899, fell on Monday, as you will see by consulting THE WORLD Almanac, price 25 cents.

M. F. C.—If you wish advice and counsel concerning your private affairs you should send a post-paid and directed envelope.

M. L.—A woman of age at twenty-one years—not a day before she is old enough to do with property left her depends entirely upon the terms of the will.

G. W. M.—The Presidential Succession bill gives the succession, in case of the death or disability of the President and Vice-President, to the members of the Cabinet in the order of seniority.  
E. T.—The motion of the train has no effect upon the cannon ball. Everything would happen just as if the train were motionless. The world is revolving from west to east at the rate of 1,600 miles an hour. Two men facing each other with revolvers fire, but the man shooting east has no advantage over the man shooting west.

J. H. G.—Do not ruin the temper and atmosphere of your household by amateur bread-making when there are thousands of men in this city who have spent their lives as professional bakers in learning the best way to make it. They will do the work for you cheaper than you can buy the flour. "Home-made" bread never was fit for a Christian stomach. It has caused more crime than "caviar, batard, and all such unwholesome," for it is a producing cause of all these and many more vices.

How to Have Doctors' Bills.  
(From the American Analyst.)  
Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.  
Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.  
Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.  
After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

Never omit regular bathing, for, unless the skin is in good condition, the cold will close the pores and favor congestion or other diseases.  
When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, where the person is exposed to the cold wind.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room "skeleton" the head of the pillow through the nose, and never with the open mouth.

A PACK'S CONTENTS

OR,  
Death for a Small Cause.  
BY  
M. J. B. Messemmer,  
A Coroner of the County of New York.

PART I.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE EVENING WORLD.)

OME years ago, a Frenchman and his wife lived in the back rooms of a west-side tenement-house. They were very poor, and although their living expenses were moderate they had difficulty in making both ends meet. The wife was a small woman and not over strong, but she did what she could to bring in a little money and eke out the modest household expenses by all the devices which were at her command. Still, even with this economy and frugal living, sometimes the dinner-table was poorly set forth. In these moments of trial the husband—let us call him Hector Lacroix, and his wife, Therese—used to exercise his rights as a husband by being extremely ill-humored, and relieved his feelings by venting his sulks upon his better half. He would scold her, blame her for bringing about such a state of things, and conduct himself generally like a man overcome by a long strain of persecution from a termagant of a wife. What was the use of his working and she undoing it all, running about and spoiling everything by spending the hard-earned money which he had managed to collect at the price of so much trouble and worry. That was the way with women. They were always a bother and a drag on their husbands. What did he marry her for, and so on.

All this was pretty hard on Therese, who did not get much money to spend, and that little she got by her own effort and was as careful of it as possible. But she had become used to her husband's scoldings, and bore them philosophically. He was out a good deal, and then the poor thing found a little content all alone by herself.

Sometimes Hector would not content himself with reproaches, but got into a towering rage, abused Therese roundly and wound up as a climax by boxing her ears. On these occasions the poor woman would get frightened. She didn't know what Hector might do. So she would slip out to one of the neighbors, if her husband did not prevent it. Sometimes he did. He wanted her there to scold at. He had a certain enjoyment in it, or at least it was a relief to him, and he wasn't going to lose this cheap pleasure the expense of which was entirely borne by his wife.

So Mr. and Mrs. Lacroix did not live in one continued dream of rose-colored prosperity; but had plenty, especially Therese, to bother and disconcert them.

One afternoon she was sitting in the poor, dirty room, sewing on a dress of hers which was ripped at the seams. She was playing her needle industriously and humming a song which she had picked up from the organ-grinders. It was a catching air from a popular comic opera. Therese did not know this. She never went to the comic operas, poor soul. But the greatest pleasure she had was to hear one of the bands which sometimes wandered into the street and played before a larger beer saloon. When the day was warm, and there was the prospect of enough to make a good dinner, if the band came and played a waltz Therese was almost happy. She forgot Hector's scoldings, and dreamed of the time when they could have enough to eat and her husband would be contented, so that he would not need to work off his ill-humor on her.

Well, as she was sitting there, she heard Hector's steps on the stairs, and a moment afterwards he entered the room. Under his arm he carried something that engaged his wife's attention at once. It was a small black dog. That is, it was a dark dog, a rich reddish brown, nearly black. It was a delicate, slender thing, and seemed like the pampered pet of some fine lady. The most noticeable thing about it was that it had no hair on its body. Therese had never seen a hairless dog, and the funny creature surprised her.

Hector looked around till he found a piece of string, and tied him to the collar of the dog, and tied him to the leg of the bed. The poor beast was trembling, and darted a frightened look out of his large projecting eyes, which seemed so moist that Therese would not have been astonished if he had seen tears drop from them. Then Hector came over to his wife.

"I've found that dog and I will get some money out of the cur. He's a bald dog and belongs to somebody who'll pay to get it back. It will be advertised in the papers and a reward offered—\$25 perhaps." Hector's eye twinkled at the sound and it seemed like opulence to Therese to possess \$25 at once. They did not often have that amount of "booze" in the drawer.

"Now," continued Hector, "I leave the dog with you when I go out. Don't you let the neighbors see it if you can help it. They might take him off and get the reward, and I'd be left on the bald-headed cur. You look out he don't get away. If you lose him I'll make you pay for it, do you hear?"

Therese did hear, and resolved to take good care of the dog. She was rather pleased to have the "little creature" about, and got to like him. He seemed so comforted by any caresses

that she bestowed on him. He would rub his head up under her hand and press closely up against her knees, while he turned his black, lustrous eyes towards her in a way that touched her. It was affection, and Therese had not enjoyed a very abundant feast of affection, so she prized it even in the little strange dog which had become her lodger. His not having any hair somehow impressed her fancy with the idea that the dog had been stricken with misfortune. It must be a poor dog which had no hair. How could he keep warm? Therese was almost tempted to make a blanket for him out of her flannel petticoat. She could spare a piece big enough for that without great discomfort to herself. But, then, the thought of Hector's remark if he should see the dog blanketed in that way was a damper to her charitable purpose, and the dog went without it.

She saved a few scraps from the simple meal and gave them to the dog to eat. He ate them in a half reluctant way, as if he couldn't bring himself down to that kind of fare had there been a good deal of Spartan sauce—hunger—to season it.

He walked down to Printing-House Square and Park Row, and looked through the "Lost" column in the big daily papers. He examined three and found advertisements for several lost dogs, but not one which called for a hairless dog. But the fourth one had the following notice, which he read with great interest:

REWARD—Lost, strayed or stolen, a small, light-colored dog, has a red leather collar, marked with the name of John L. Sullivan. Will be paid on no questions asked if the dog is returned to the owner, Mrs. James Ferguson, — Madison Ave.

Hector read it twice, and then picked up a scrap of paper from the floor and wrote on it, "Mrs. James Ferguson, — Madison Avenue." He tucked the paper into his waistcoat pocket, and, chuckling over the thought of the \$25 which he would soon put in the same place, started for home.

Part II. To-morrow.

TACKLED BY A PHRENOLOGIST.  
Beautiful Characters Fitted on Comedians Robson and Crane.

Comedian Robson sat in the café of the Union Square Hotel before something pink in a glass. Comedian Crane toyed with a slice of pineapple and a sense of contentment, and Manager Brooks eyed a ray of light that was tinged with a rich dark brown by passing through the goblet in his hand. Three blue columns of smoke arose from three cigars.

A strange party stole softly in. He was a queer-looking bedfellow, all drawn out like a skeleton, with a snuff-fitting skin and bones on end, a searching nose and long, curling hair, gray on top and a shade of straw at the bottom.

In quiet, measured tones he announced that he was a phrenologist. Would the gentlemen have their heads examined? Crane's eyes twinkled as he replied: "Yes, Rob, let him try your hand for the fun of the thing."

"A magnificent forehead!" observed the phrenologist, gazing admiringly at Robson. Robson blushed away up to the top of his head.

"I'll go in if you will," he replied. "All right," responded Crane, and the next moment the phrenologist's fingers were fumbling about Comedian Robson's head.

The man of science turned to a man of eloquence like a purring brook as he described Robson's moral, mental and domestic virtues. Robson's smile grew broader, and he did not observe the waiting flier which was something pink in the glass.

He was told that he should be a preacher. "But," the phrenologist continued, "you always look on the dark side of things. You should be a lawyer, or a politician."

"Hullo!" interrupted Robson, missing the something pink. "I won't change my glasses. Waiter, bring that glass back." The phrenologist concluded in this style: "Don't ever try commerce, for if you do you will be cheated right and left. Take care of your money as you would your life. Leave the finances of the family to your wife."

The man of science next gave Mr. Crane an equally flattering account of his character, and he had power of ever giving exact faith and hinted that he was inclined to be godly. It cost them a dime a piece.

By George, Brooks, said Robson, as he replaced his pocketbook after the phrenologist had said: "I wish I had a shorthand report of this."

"I can fix you all right," remarked Manager Brooks, drawing a yellow-covered book from his pocket and thumbing the leaves. "Um—um—oh, here you are. No. 16—Description of an Artistic Nature." That's you, Crane. No. 21—Description of a Man About Town."

The comedians grabbed the book and found the phrenologist's diagnosis word for word. "I got stuck worse than you fellows last time," said Robson, who was round. "Mr. Brooks explained." He bunched me into buying a book."

Robson looked at Crane. Then he softly called the waiter.

Random Remarks.  
(From Puck.)  
Henry Clay never smoked—not even a Henry Clay cigar of a Clay pipe.

Somebody that Philadelphia is a wealthy city. Slaves is golden.

When a man is in reduced circumstances he generally finds that circumstances accumulate. A certain lady is advertised as having a fortune. It ought to be a great good in Russia.

If a man wants to get himself hated in a country town just let him pay his servant girl \$20 a month. How true it is that we never know what the future and the morrow will have in store for us.

When St. Peter closes the gate on a man does he send him out in the cold? Not much! He turns him out in the hot.

A Boston firm prints a book called "Bird Talk." We have heard parrots say things that would not go over with the birds, where every once in a while a bird says something that would not go over with the humans.

There is even sunshine and shadow in the life of a member of the Japanese royal family being sent to a slugging match with a message and being sent to sit up all night with a sick man.

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SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

JACK DEMPSEY WILL GO TO EUROPE FOR PLEASURE.  
Joe George and Al Fleischman Not to Fight for a \$200 Gold Watch—A Brooklyn Billiard Tournament—Spartan Harriers to Have a Washington's Birthday Paper-Cake—The Hopper-Mack Fight Is Off.

HE New England light-weight champion, Jimmy Carroll, who recently gave Mike Daly, of Bangor, some convincing proof of his pugilistic ability, has just issued a challenge to fight any man in America at 135 pounds. Billy Dacey, the Middle States light-weight champion, has had a forfeit of \$100 posted with Mr. Richard K. Fox for some months and also challenges any man in America at nine stone seven pounds. A young sporting man conferred with some prominent uptown club and turf men last night, and a match between these clever fighters, which would definitely settle who is the real light-weight champion of America, may be brought off for a purse and stake in this neighborhood. Carroll, a first-class likeness of whom appears in this week's Illustrated Police News, was the clever light-weight of the John L. Sullivan combination, and besides a splendid record in the English and American prize ring, has not met a defeated sister of his weights and boxers much heavier than himself in many American cities where the strong boy's show appeared. Dacey is a remarkably clever light-weight, who twice faced Jack Dempsey. He knocked out the fast-fighting Jack Hopper, who came within an ace of beating Jack McAuliffe in a round, and is considered a hard customer for any man within ten pounds of his weight. If a match for a stake can be arranged between these men a well-known sport will deposit the money for a reasonable sum for any man responsible hands for the privilege of running the affair. All the men will have to do will be to put up a forfeit to appear at the appointed hour, with three friends each, at a place agreed upon, from which they will be conveyed to the battle-ground.

What Billy Sexton calls a "Brookline" billiard tournament commences in Maurice Daly's Brooklyn rooms this evening. Mr. Jerry Wernberg and ten other experts are in. Big money is stake, and the games will continue for two weeks.

The Spartan Harriers will have a Washington's birthday paper-cake from the Carpenter House at White Plains on Wednesday. The party will leave the Grand Central Depot via the New York and Harlem Railroad, at 10:20 A. M. An attractive programme has been arranged for the afternoon's entertainment, and the fair friends of the athletes will see the run and join in the festivities.

The match for a fight to a finish between the amateur light-weights, Joe George and Al Fleischman, for a \$200 gold watch, has ended in a forfeit by Fleischman on the second deposit of \$100 a side. Jack Boylan was training the sturdy George.

Jack Dempsey will go to Europe on a pleasure trip at the close of the present racing season. Some well-known turfites will accompany him.

Gus Guerrero, whose present address is the Putnam House, has made a match to run George Cartwright a fifty-mile race. It will take place at the Polo Grounds on April 7, and is for \$250 a side.

The Hopper-Mack fight is off. Hopper has taken on the Western Jack Dempsey in the "Unknown's" place.

Will There Be Italian Opera?  
Campanini's Leading Soprano and Bass to Sail for Europe.

New York is looking forward with a lively interest to the close of the Lenten season and the beginning of a season of Italian opera promised by Impresario Campanini.

It is to be disappointed in its expectation of hearing the melodious music of the Italian opera, and especially the crowning work of Verdi, "Iago."

This question is prompted by recent developments concerning the concert company which Campanini is managing.

On last Friday Signora Rapetto-Trisolini, who had been heralded as the leading soprano of Italy, had arrived in America, and Sign. Nannetti, the company's principal basso, left the concert company at Washington and came on to New York, only to sail for Europe and home on a French line steamship La Gasconne on Saturday.

Signora Trisolini was accompanied by her husband and daughter. They were strong in their denunciation of Campanini. They claimed that he had not kept his contract with them, and that he owed them for their services.

Friends of Campanini say that Trisolini and Nannetti were discharged by the manager, and that their leaving will in no way affect the April opera season, as neither of them were to appear in the opera company.

Which of the company had the contract with them, and that he owed them for their services.

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CHURCH OF ST. BRIGID.

An Account of Its History and a Sketch of Its Famous War Pastor.  
The organization of the parish of St. Brigid, on the east side, was entrusted by Bishop Hughes in 1848 to the Rev. Richard Keim, then pastor of the Church of the Nativity in Second Avenue. The site selected for the church was in Avenue B, near Eighth street, and the corner-stone was laid by the Bishop Sept. 10 of the same year. It was so

REV. F. P. McWENNEY, far completed before the close of the year that services were held there on Dec. 2, when the building was solemnly dedicated with the invocation of the virgin saint of Ireland. The structure itself was a fair example of the early Gothic style, and at the time of its erection was one of the most imposing and spacious church edifices of the city.

Under the pastorate of Father Keim, who was noted for the zeal and energy with which he labored for the cause of the church, the congregation rapidly increased in number, an instance being given of the confirmation of 440 children in the summer of 1859 in this parish. The pastoral residence was erected in 1861.